The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXXV SEPTEMBER, 1926 No. 3

Publication office Concord, N. H. Monthly, except August: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Check, post-office order, or stamps should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter at the post-office at Concord, N. H.
"Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

CONSECRATION OF DAILY LIFE AND LABOR

"I am come that they might have life."—John 10:10.

THE word "life" was a great favorite with Jesus. He was always making use of it. Whenever the occasion presented itself He used it. He even made opportunity that He might use it. On one occasion He said:

"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth." . . . *"Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life."* . . . *"I am the way, the truth, and the life."* . . . *"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."* It is perfectly evident that Jesus meant that religion should apply to the whole of life.

Take another passage from the Sermon on the Mount. Jesus said: *"Enter ye in by the narrow gate; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many are they that enter in thereby. For narrow is the gate and straitened the way that leadeth unto life, and few are they that find it."*

What Jesus is giving us here is a universal law of life. It is an observation of a present fact. He came to bring to men an abundant life, a rich and fruitful spiritual experience, and He saw that few were finding it. There are two ways to live life: one lawless, undisciplined, uncontrolled, traveling a broad way, where one follows his vagrant impulses and is ridden by his wayward passions. That road looks easy and many walk therein. But it does not lead to life. *"Narrow is the gate and straitened the way that leadeth unto life."*

To make it clearer by way of an illustration, Ole Bull used to say, "If I leave off practising for one day I can see the difference. If I leave off practising two days, my friends can notice the difference. If I leave off three days the great public can notice the difference."

Religion and life!

No, we are not accustomed to think of it in that way. We confine religion to one day in the week. We are religious on Sunday. We associate religion with churches and hymn-singing and Bible reading and preaching. We do not associate it with building and banking and commerce and trade. We do not think of it in connection with our work in home or store or office or factory. We associate religion with certain events, with weddings and funerals and baptisms.

But to narrow religion down to a certain day in the week, to associate it only with church-going and hymn-singing, to limit its usefulness to certain events in life, is to shut it out from nine-tenths of our life, and it is certain that our Lord never meant it to be so. But we do so, and because we do so, life for so many is a poor, miserable thing, hardly worth going on with.

Jesus was religious on Sunday, but He was also religious on Monday and Tuesday and all the other days of the week. And He meant that you can never be happy here, you can never live the abundant life until you see God in all things. The Psalmist once said, *"I have set the Lord always before me."*

We must do that too, if we are going to get out of life all that it has to give us. It would help us mightily if we said that to ourselves every morning as we started out to our work. It would help to settle a great many of our labor problems. We are never going to satisfy the working man by giving him more wages and a schedule of shorter hours. And on the other hand, we are never going to satisfy the capitalist by building him larger barns and giving him greater dividends. Satisfaction and contentment are matters of religion. We make a very

great mistake when we talk about things as being secular and sacred. We talk about the calling of a minister or a missionary as a sacred calling and we talk about the calling of a carpenter and plumber and dressmaker as a secular calling. And that is just the reason why so many who are carpenters and plumbers and schoolteachers and dressmakers do not get any real joy and satisfaction out of their work. That is why the work gets irksome and monotonous. There is nothing to buoy them up, to inspire them, nothing to help them carry the burden in the heat of the day.

But if we can see our work, in relation to an infinite plan, that whatever it is that we are doing affects the whole of life, then we will find our work a source of real joy and satisfaction.

There is a little volume bearing the title "Hiram Golf's Religion." The first essay in it is entitled, "Shoes and Sermons." Hiram Golf is the village shoemaker. A new minister has come to town and makes a call. Finally the minister says, "I am glad to see a man who can use the humblest vocation for the glory of God as you are doing." Hiram says, "There ain't no sech thing in the universe, parson . . . there ain't no sech thing in the wide world as a humble vocation. You are on the wrong track, even if you are a preacher, and what you say isn't orthodox. . . . Now you are a minister by the grace of God. Ain't that so?" "I hope it's true, Hiram." "You don't hope, parson, you know, or else you will have to begin all over again. Well, I am a shoemaker by the grace of God. If I make good shoes I shall get just as much credit for it in the hereafter as you will for being a faithful pastor. All work is noble and honorable, and it'll take a good deal of argyment to show me that all work isn't equally important. You'll carry up to the judgment seat a fair sample of the sermons you've preached and I'll carry up a fair sample of the shoes I've made. Your sermons will settle your future, and my shoes will settle mine. We shall fall or rise accordin' as the sample represents good or bad work. You don't suppose, do you, that the Lord's goin' to look at your sermon, and say, 'John Jessig, take your seat 'way up there in front,' and then look at my shoes and say, 'Hiram, you're mighty lucky to get in here at all; go and take a seat way down at the end there'? Oh, no, parson, that's the difference between the Lord and us folks.

"If your sermon is good and my shoes is good, He'll say, 'John and Hiram, you've used your talents about equally well. Go up there and sit in the front bench side by side, and join in the gineral Hallelujah'."

John interrupts long enough to say, "Then you don't think there will be any discrimination as to the class of work done?" . . .

'Only the discrimination between good work and bad work, not between brain work and hand work. I don't believe there'll be any aristocracy in heaven; not a bit of it. All the wings will be made after the same pattern. Goodness is goodness, parson, whether you find it in a mill owner or in a spindle tender. The Spirit of the Lord is just as much with me as I sit here peggin' away on Widow Brown's number fives that are split at the sides as it is with you when you are trying to write something that'll convert sinners and cheer the godly on next Sunday morning. Everything depends on the way we do our work. Men may look down on the house painter or the carpenter, but I reckon the angels don't do that sort of thing."

Hiram continues: "Jest look at that, parson," and he takes from the pile on the floor the battered shoe of a little child; "that belongs to William Runkle's youngest, a little feller of six, and not over hardy. That boy's body ought to be kept healthy, oughtn't it? Well, I am going to do my part. If he should catch a cold some muddy day and get pneumonia, his father, who only earns $12 a week, would have a heavy doctor's bill to pay, and even then he might lose the child. That would almost break his heart, I do believe. Now, then, I propose to mend them shoes as though my salvation depended on it. I can't afford as a child of God with a hope of heaven, to put poor work into that job. Too much depends on it. Yes, parson," and Hiram looked at the shoe with something like tenderness, "too much depends on it.

"I wouldn't like to meet that boy up yonder and have him tell me that he died because I wasn't a faithful shoemaker. I couldn't stand that nohow. Do you think a vocation is a humble one when it deals with the health and lives of our fellow creatures? I reckon not."

I take it that that is the right attitude toward work.

We need nothing so much in life to-day as a lofty conception of the worth and dignity of even the humblest vocation. I recall William Morris's masterful definition of art. "Art," he said, "is the doing of the thing that I have to do better than I need to do it." And what a world this would be if all the workers in it showed that type of loyalty to life. Better roads and better buildings and better fabrics because we are loyal workmen and in the joy of our concentration we want to do the thing we have to do better than we need to do it. Better doctors, better lawyers, better teachers, better fathers and mothers, because we are loyal workmen and we want to give our best to the God of life. Better homes than we are compelled to make because we want to give our best to our children and the race. Better churches and charities and politics than the world demands. It only takes a little imagination to see the vast and majestic sweep of that

thought, how its application would cleanse life, dignify its toil and bring joy and peace into the workshops of the world. I saw awhile ago a copy of a letter from a workingman. He had made some beautiful wrought iron gates. He had been thanked and praised for his work, and this is what he replied:

"It is indeed a great privilege to get an opportunity to do good work, and one is grateful to those who make it possible for us to do so. I am indeed glad to be a smith and to have the delight of taking a somewhat stubborn metal and shaping it into pleasing forms—to make iron into something like poetry, is to me a satisfying destiny." That attitude toward work would take the curse off labor.

It is just that spirit that our Lord sought to bring into the world, as He demanded that men everywhere bring the whole of life under the gracious influence of religion.

Long ago one of the Hebrew prophets had a vision of a day coming when the City of God should be built on earth, and when men should really work with Him and do His will through the whole breadth and reach of their daily lives. And this for Zechariah, for that was the prophet's name, was the mark by which it would be known. "*In that day there shall be upon the bells of the horses* HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD . . . *yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of Hosts.*" That is to say that when that ideal of living had been realized, then the man who went to his stables to harness his horse would be just as sure that he was doing God's will, and the housewife cooking in the kitchen would be as near to God as the priest before the altar. "Life, all life, would be under one roof of God, all of it offered and dedicated to Him, its every-day tasks as well as its sacred callings."

The source of real joy and satisfaction and contentment in any kind of work lies in the application of religion and the ability to see what we are doing, whatever it is, in relation to an infinite plan and the mighty purpose of God for the world. When Jesus saw a people who had lost the zest of life and the noble rage of living, He cried, "*Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life.*"

—*Rev. Cornelius B. Muste.*

"Lord it matters not at all
That my poor home is ill-arranged and small;
I, not the house, am straitened: Lord, 'tis I!
Enlarge my foolish heart, that by and by
I may look up with such a radiant face
Thou shalt have glory even in this place.
And when I trip, or stumble unawares
In carrying water up these awkward stairs,
Then keep me sweet, and teach me day by day
To tread with patience Thy appointed way.
As for the house. . . . Lord, let it be my part
To walk within it with a perfect heart."

INTIMATE AFFAIRS OF OUR BIRD CITIZENS

The Rattler

This has nothing to do with snakes or flivvers, nor yet with certain toys of childhood. It concerns a big, boisterous bird that is to be found about our wooded lakes and ponds during every season except winter—beautiful and interesting in himself, but a wretchedly slovenly housekeeper.

The kingfisher is constantly seen in the summer time, on the alert for small fish—and some not so small. He drills a long tunnel into the side of some bank overlooking a stream or pool, and at the end of this hall is a larger nesting chamber, where the eggs of his mate are deposited almost upon the bare soil.

When the eggs have been hatched and the young kingfishers are to be fed, the spectacle of an exposed nest of this brood is not a pleasing sight, for the kingfisher's kiddies lie in a tangle of dried fish bones and food yet to be consumed.

There is something strangely like certain human families in this part of kingfisher's career, for the birds are always beautiful and seemingly immaculate when they come from the nest hole. It reminds one of a woman who spends two hours in primping for a theater engagement and leaves the dinner dishes unwashed. Or of the man of clean hands and linen whose office desk is constantly cluttered and who expectorates in the waste paper basket.

The kingfisher is a diligent fisherman and likewise a wary bird. He is easy to be seen, but generally for but a moment before he flies away with his vibrating yell.

To-day's walk in the woods, be it near some lake or stream, should make you acquainted with the kingfisher and his prominent black belt, done brightly against bluish gray and white.

The rattler is a great pal of all bird lovers because of his sense of humor. He seems to laugh at everything—including you.

The Kingfisher

Note—Very loud, harsh rattle, easily heard half a mile away on a clear, quiet day.

Nest—At the end of a two or three foot tunnel in a sand bank. The tunnel terminates in an enlarged chamber where the five to eight glossy white eggs are laid upon the sand.

Range—Whole of North America, north to the Arctic regions. Winters from southern United States southward.—*Miles Greenleaf.*

A Londoner speaks over the telephone:

"Yes, this is Mr. 'Arrison. What, you can't 'ear? This is Mr. 'Arrison—haitch, hay, two harrs, a hi, a hess, a ho and a hen—'Arrison."

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Austin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

1. I have moved from Grassy Creek, N. C., to Brandon, N. C., and would like to hear from some *Cheerful Letter* friend, as I haven't heard from the *Cheerful Letter* for a long time. I hope I am not forgotten. Any kind of reading, or anything, would be very welcome. I would be so glad for a testament with large print. Mrs. J. O. Powers, Brandon, N. C.

2. M. P. Sharma of Village Harrai, Post Sihora, Dostt Warsinghpur, C. P., India, writes, saying, "I am an inhabitant of a very small village. There is no means for a public library or reading room. I have known by means of the publications of your society that the Alliance of Christian Liberal Women always take a leading part to assist the thinly settled sections of country. I most tenderly put my request for books before you, hoping that at this time my longings may be crowned with success. The following is the list of books I would like: a dictionary of big size; A Far Journey, by Abraham Metrie Rihbany; Glimpses of Life, by Lewis G. Wilson; The Little Red Wonder Book, by Lewis G. Wilson; Twenty Years of Life, by Thomas Vanness; The Origin and Character of the Bible, by J. T. Sunderland, The Story of Rice, by Johanna Spyri; The Art of Married Life, by George S. Merriam; Four American Leaders, by Charles W. Elliot; The House on the Edge of Things, by Ethel Cook Elliot; picture books for the kiddies."

3. We are two little country girls, ages eleven and fourteen years. We have to work in the field during the hot summer months. We would appreciate good reading of any kind, also a good cook book, song books and post cards; also good religious reading for our mother, who is in poor health. Thanking you, (Miss) Minnie and Irma Birge, Big Cabin, Okla., R. 2.

4. I am a married woman with four little children. Am just home from a twenty-eight-day stay in the hospital. I cannot work yet. I would appreciate very much any reading matter and letters that the *Cheerful Letter*

friends would send me. Mrs. Retha Howell, Jefferson, N. C.

5. With a shut-in mother, whom the doctor has been tending for a long time, I have had such a hard time, and this has been the driest and hottest year I ever saw. The vegetables dried up, and crops are no good. We can only look forward to a hard winter. I hope the *Cheerful Letter* friends will remember me with good books, for my little sister, and mother. I would like a Bible for mother. Now may the Heavenly Father bless every one of you is the prayer of a sister in Christ Jesus. Miss Sadie Lee Colson, R. 2, Box 138, Wadesboro, N. C.

6. I wish to take this method of thanking the kind readers who responded to my request in the *Cheerful Letter*. Everything received was most heartily appreciated. I am not married, as some supposed, only a young girl whose education has been hindered by many obstacles, and who is striving to make up for lost time. I would be glad to receive an Encyclopedia and Roget's "Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases." Also, will some one please send books or magazines to a young girl who lives alone with her aged father. She is fond of reading and will appreciate anything sent. Address, Miss Bessie Ruff, Star Rte, Appleton, Ark. Best wishes to the *Cheerful Letter*, and its kind members. Pearl Reynolds, Appleton, Ark.

7. I am a beginner with the *Cheerful Letter*. I am a mother of eleven children, of whom ten are living and one dead. Their names are Orpha Jane, age 23; Zenna Mae, age 22; Beluy, age 20; Edna, age 18; Nona Ossie, age 16; Edgar Lee, age 13; Jessie Wayne, age 9; Lee Ara, age 7; Edison Cleveland, age 3; Alta Pauline, age 6 months. My oldest girls would be glad to get any kind of story books, magazines, Bible stories, or hymn books. The boys would be glad of any kind of reading: post cards for the small children or a-b-c books. My reference is W. H. Darnell, Silas Creek, N. C. Mrs. Ella Tisterman, Hilton, N. C.

8. I am a mother of one child. His name is Clarance, and he is 4 years old. My husband left me a few years ago. I haven't any home. I stay with my father. I am not able to do anything half of the time. I would be glad to receive some crochet thread, or some strings to make rugs, or magazines, to pass the long wearisome days. My little boy would be pleased to get some cards of any kind, as he is fond of any thing like that. I would also appreciate some Bible stories to read to him. I want to raise him up right, by God being my helper. May God bless the *Cheerful Letter* friends, that they may answer my letter at once, for I am in trouble and awfully lonesome. Wishing you good success, Mrs. Orpha Baker, Silas Creek, N. C. My reference is Rev. W. H. Darnell, Silas Creek, N. C.

9. I am a sixteen-year-old girl. There are four sisters, and father and mother are poor and not able to do much work. We live seven miles from town and a long way from school. I wish very much to continue my school work, and would appreciate very much any educational works suitable for my age. I would also like something interesting to do, such as crocheting or embroidering. We are members of the Missionary Baptist Church. I shall hope to hear from someone soon. Thanking you, Lelia M. Hollandsworth, Sanville, Va., R. 1.

10. We live on a rented farm. I have one little orphan boy, Jasper, aged 10. I would like reading for myself, and books for little boys for him. I would love to correspond with some good lady, as I am by myself most of the time. Mrs T. W. Hurley, Whitetop, Va., R. 2.

11. Mrs. Percy B. Starbird, Lisbon Falls, Maine, R. F. D. 1, desires the following books: Kipling's Jungle Books, First and Second volumes, and Eugene Field's "Lullaby Land" book of poems. She would also like a large print Bible with a concordance in it.

12. I am a girl fourteen years of age, living in the country. I would be so glad to get some good reading matter—books or magazines—also some scraps for quilts. Will greatly appreciate anything sent to me. My pastor's name is Rev. Arthur M. Wood, Southern Pines, N. C. Sincerely, Katherine Black.

13. I have two little children, a boy and a girl,—the boy, age five (5) years and baby, fourteen (14) months. My husband is very disabled: he has high blood pressure. The church is far from our home. We never get there any more. I would love to go to church, if I was able. I certainly would appreciate a Bible of large print, and also cards for the children. Mrs. Lollie M. Jones, Ferrum, Va., R. 3, Box 84.

14. I am an eighteen year old girl, a junior in high school, and as I am prevented from taking part in but a few of the parties and gatherings of the young people, for various reasons, I would appreciate any good magazines, especially the *American, Good Housekeeping* and *Cosmopolitan*. I would also appreciate any good books, especially "Greatheart," "The Bars of Iron," and more especially "The Tidal Wave," by Ethel M. Dell; any of Grace Richmond's and Mrs. Grace Livingston Hill's books will be greatly appreciated. I have several copies of the *Comfort* Magazine that I would be pleased to send any one who would care to have them. I would like to thank everyone who has sent me books or magazines, or both. Minnie Lee Carlton, Farmville, Va.

15. I am the mother of five children, the oldest being a girl of twelve. I only have two boys. The baby girl is four years old. I would be glad to have any kind of reading matter suitable for my little ones, as we were cut in the production on the farm last year by the drought, and find it hard to buy the necessities of life. I would appreciate any kind of scraps to make quilts. If anyone could suggest or send me any literature to interest my Sunday School class, I would be glad of the help. I am the teacher of the senior class, and find it very hard to get any results from my work. Yours sincerely, Mrs. H. T. West, R. F. D. 1, Alpharetta, Ga.

16. With deep sympathy for the future good of one Miss Annie Bell Dye of Rodman, S. C., I make application for her to become a member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange Society. She is very much devoted to reading good literature. She is a very worthy and pious girl, only fourteen years of age. It would be seed sown in good soil. Very respectfully, J. W. A. Blake, York, S. C.

17. I am a little girl twelve years old. My mother died when I was four years old. I live with my grandma. She is real old. She cannot work, and I have to go to school. I am in the sixth grade, and I study hard and try so make good use of my time. Our school runs six months. I can only go three months. My father is in bad health, and I cannot stay in school long. I like to crochet, and my grandma would be glad to have any kind of quilt scraps. We are alone, no one but myself and grandma and papa. We get so lonely by ourselves. We are too poor to take a paper or magazines, or buy books. I have no dolls or any toys to play with. I will be delighted to have a correspondent. Bernice Mask, P. O. Box 264, Ansonville, N. C.

18. I'm writing to ask that you will please send some good books to my cousin in Meigs County, Tenn. (Good fiction preferred.) This family consists of only three persons, two elderly ladies and their nephew, a young man of perhaps 18 years. They live in a poor neighborhood, with but few advantages in reading, away from any line of railroad, as this is a small county and not very many advantages in any way. You will please address Miss Bertha M. Rowden, Decatur, Tenn., R. F. D. No. 4, Meigs County. You can write Rev. J. P. Massingill, Dayton, Tenn., for reference, as he has lived for many years near Decatur, Tenn. Thanking you in advance for the books, I am yours, truly, Anna Vaughn.

19. I certainly do thank you, every one, for your past favors. I didn't have time to answer every one, but I thank you just the same. You all cannot possibly know how much I appreciated the reading matter. It was awfully nice of you to send me the nice things to read. I would like copies of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Obligingly, Mrs. Lee Young, Grassy Creek, N. C.

20. I'm a farmer's wife with five children: Raias (12); Woodaw (10); Ruth (8); Dillie (4); Genever (2). I would like reading for myself and pictures for the children. Would also love to correspond with some good lady. A lonely mother, Mrs. G. N. Davis, Whitetop, Va., R. 2, Box 33.

21. I have heard of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I am thirty-one years old, and have five children. Their names and ages are as follows: Elizabeth, age fifteen; Albert, twelve; B., Jr., nine; Lena, five; and Sylvester, two years old. We live in a lonely place and get very lonesome sometimes. My husband works away from home. I would appreciate so much to get some books, magazines, quilt pieces, or anything to pass the hours away. I especially enjoy good love-story books. I don't object to books that have been used. I would be glad if some one would send something to amuse the children, if I'm not asking too much. We have no pastor at present. As reference I give Mr. I. N. Haynes, Bassett, Va. Hoping that God may bless you in your good work. Many thanks. Mrs. B. Stone, Sanville, Va., R. 1, Box 68.

22. I am writing you a few lines this evening, as I am so lonely and sad at present. I am not well hardly any of the time, and am awfully lonesome. I live in a hollow about two miles from the post office, and a long way from the public highway. I live alone with only my little boy, who is seven months old. His father left us about nine months ago, and I hope and trust he has gone to a better place than this, where I can meet him again and be separated no more. I belong to the Mountain Union Baptist Church, and I love to go to meeting awfully well, but don't get there very much. I have to work awfully hard to keep something to eat, and was left poor and all alone, without anyone to help me. I would love to receive some good papers to read. Marjorie Lee Testerman, Ashe County, Silas Creek, N. C.

FICTION WE REMEMBER

Hard Cash

By Charles Reade

With "Love Me Little, Love Me Long" as a sort of prologue, "Hard Cash" carries the reader through a continuous sequence of events involving romantic episodes in the life of a pair of much perturbed lovers, David Dodd and Lucy Fountain, the one a simple and chivalrous sailor and the other a beautiful Diana-like creature. Into the hands of a swindler falls David's hard-earned fortune, the blow affecting

his mind to such an extent that he is committed to an asylum for the insane.

This of course gives Charles Reade the opportunity he always delighted in, for the novelist took great pleasure in portraying the hardships and cruelties to which human beings were subjected at the hand of individuals or from the state. The story contains realistic accounts of neglect and other horrors of asylum life, and these purport to be carefully founded on the results of personal investigations and official documentary evidence. As is the case with "It is Never Too Late to Mend" and other Reade novels, the story sometimes loses itself in the midst of its propaganda and missionary purpose, but it lacks nothing of his characteristic vigor and rapid movement. It was published in 1863.—*Transcript.*

A TRUE SPORTSMAN

I go a-gunning, but take no gun;
I fish without a pole;
And I bag good game and catch such fish
As suit a sportsman's soul.
For the choicest game that the forest holds,
And the best fish of the brook,
Are never brought down by a rifle shot
And never are caught with a hook.

I bob for fish by the forest brook,
I hunt for game in the trees,
For bigger birds than wing the air
Or fish than swim the seas.
A rodless Walton of the brooks,
A bloodless sportsman, I—
I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods,
The dreams that haunt the sky.

The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,
The brooks for the fishers of song;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game
The streams and the woods belong.
There are thoughts that moan from the soul of the pine,
And thoughts in a flower bell curled;
And the thoughts that are blown with the scent of the fern
Are as new and as old as the world.

So away! for the hunt in the fern-scented wood
Till the going down of the sun;
There is plenty of game still left in the woods
For the hunter who has no gun.
So away! for the fish in the moss-bordered brook
That flows through the velvety sod;
There are plenty of fish still left in the streams
For the angler who has no rod.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

"Playing Fair"

"*Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.*"—*Matt. 7, verse 12.*

We live in a universe that plays fair. It may not always seem so, but it is so. Its laws are plain, and we get what we give. Notice also that this verse teaches that there is such a thing as high and holy selfishness. Whatsoever you honestly want men to do to and for you, do the same for them. Not what you think you want, not the passing whim of passion, not the desire of the moment, not the fashion of wants among other people, but really what is the one thing you want in converse with other people? Well, give that to them, and you will get that from them. There has been too much whining about selfishness; the right kind of selfishness is the highest measure of the soul. We are what we want. It is a frightening but elevating thought. Play fair with yourself. Place a high value on yourself. The worm-in-the-dust game, as an affectation, is played out! Jesus never taught it! Again, play fair with society. If you want to get the best from it, give the best to it. Again, Play Fair with the Church. Don't live on its bounty, but give to it for all it has given you. Safety, civilization, domestic life, education, honor, integrity, ordered life, these would not hang together for a generation except for the Church.—*Selected.*

II CORINTHIANS 8: 8–11

The Near East Relief has done a wonderful work in raising funds for the starving children of the devastated countries in the south of Europe. But the very cleverest thing hasn't received half the notice it deserves.

A thousand or more little Near East orphans were dressed alike. Then they were formed in words and figures, and a picture was made of them, either from an airplane or from some high point nearby.

The figures and words read:

II Corinthians 8: 8–11.

That little photograph, on a postcard, was sent broadcast all over the world. And of course it aroused a great deal of curiosity. What was it? Where was it? Why was it? And to find out, a very great many people turned to their Bibles and read the eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh verses of the eighth chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians. Then the great majority of them drew a check or sent a money order or wrapped some coins up and sent them to the Near East Relief!

What? No, we won't spoil it for you. Get down your Bible and read them for yourself!

—*The Busy Bee.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE PATSY PLANT

In Mary Ellen's bright crowded garden where all sorts of flowers bloom happily together there once lived a little geranium. He was called the Patsy Plant. Mary Ellen had named him that the first day she saw him because he was such a beautiful Irish green.

"You are the sweetest little plant," she said, "with lovely crinkly green leaves just the shape of sea-shells. I wonder why you don't have beautiful red blossoms like the other geraniums!"

"If it weren't for those tall larkspur stretching their necks between me and the sun, I might have blossoms too," snapped the Patsy Plant in the greenest voice. "With those old fat daisies and that flouncing, fluttering columbine crowding above me, it's little chance I'll ever have to bloom."

He was talking flower language and Mary Ellen didn't understand, which was just as well because of course she thought all the flowers in her garden were happy.

But Patsy wasn't. He pouted and cried all morning until a sunbeam came sliding down through the fragrant blossoms and dried his tears.

"What an enchanting cool spot you have, Patsy," said the sunbeam, "shaded by those beautiful larkspur and daisies."

"Oh, it's horrid!" said Patsy, starting to cry all over again. "Those big selfish flowers take all the sunshine and crowd me so I haven't room to bloom."

"Oh dear, dear! Don't think about that," said the sunbeam. "If you waste time fussing you won't have any time left to notice how beautiful the larkspur and daisies look from here."

Patsy looked up and saw that this was really true. He had been so cross with his neighbors that he had never noticed how beautiful they were.

Then the sunbeam kissed Patsy Plant good-by and promised to look in on him every day, so Patsy was ever so much happier.

JIMMY JUMP FROG

Soon after the sunbeam had gone, little Jimmy Jump Frog came to call.

"Phew," he said. "It's hot in the sun! But you have a wonderful cool home."

"Come in and sit down," said Patsy politely.

So Jimmy Jump Frog sat down on one of Patsy Plant's cool crinkly leaves.

"You are a lovely plant, Patsy," he said. "Even your leaves smell good."

All the long afternoon they talked about the sweet-smelling flowers and the lacy patterns their shadows made on Patsy Plant's crinkly leaves. Sometimes they saw golden bees glistening in the flowers above and blue birds darting by.

"See that white daisy waving against the blue sky. Isn't that dazzling?" asked Jimmy Jump Frog.

"Just wonderful!" agreed Patsy. "I don't suppose any one in the whole wide world but you and I, Jimmy Jump Frog, knows how beautiful a daisy looks against the sky."

"No, I suppose not," said Jimmy. "Even Mary Ellen is taller than the daisies."

From that very day Patsy was the happiest plant in the garden. Mary Ellen and the sunbeam and Jimmy Jump Frog called upon him every day and the summer was almost gone before any of them noticed it.

One day a cool breeze told all the flowers that Jack Frost would soon be coming. Then they would have to say good-by to the sunshine and lie down under a blanket of snow all the long winter. But Patsy Plant was so short that he didn't even hear the wind worrying the tall flowers and was happier than ever watching them dance above him.

Just then he saw Jimmy Jump Frog hopping down the garden walk crying large tears.

"Oh, Jimmy Jump Frog, dear, don't cry! What is wrong?"

"Oh nothing, Patsy. I am a horrid selfish jump frog to cry—but you are going away and it's breaking my heart."

"What nonsense, James J. Frog!" said the Patsy Plant. "How could I possibly be going away?"

A SURPRISE FOR PATSY

"Well you are. I heard Mary Ellen's mother say she was going to dig you up and put you in a flower pot in the house so that you can bloom all winter."

"Bloom all winter?" asked Patsy, who had never heard of such a thing.

"Yes sir, bloom all winter. See all those plants in that window?" asked Jimmy Jump Frog. "Well, that's where you're going, right between the umbrella plant and the begonia. I heard Mary Ellen say so."

"So I'll bloom all winter!" said Patsy again in a small happy voice. "Aren't you glad, Jimmy Jump Frog? You can see me through the window and I'll see you."

"That will be fine," said Jimmy Jump Frog and dried his large tears on his green handkerchief.

"But where will you be, Jimmy Jump Frog dear, all the cold winter?"

"Oh, I have a warm home in that old stump in the corner of the garden and on sunny days I'll hop out and see you through the window. Won't that be fun?"

So Patsy was planted in a flower pot and placed in the window where on sunny days Jimmy Frog and the sunbeam called on him just as they had done in the garden.

In the house he grew happier, happier than ever, and at last the happy thoughts came out in great fragrant red blossoms. Mary Ellen came often and often to stand beside him and together they looked lovingly out at the garden where their sweet flower friends were sleeping under a soft blanket of snow.—*Lorena F. Burn, in Christian Science Monitor.*

INTO THE LIGHT

Treasure of Great Price

"Gutenberg Bible sold to Dr. A .S. W. Rosenbach of New York and Philadelphia for $106,000," said the headlines of the morning's papers, which Miss Sullivan spelled into my hand.

It is, of course, the tremendous historical significance of this Bible, as well as the rich beauty of its bronze calf binding and the glowing decorations of its rubricated pages which gives to it its extraordinary value. Whether it will ever again be read for actual context is extremely doubtful, but the rich treasure that is to be found in that context is independent of any splendors of bronze and gilt and crimson and green and blue. The shabbiest little cloth-bound book to be found in a dusty corner of the second-hand dealer's shop will yield these glories fully and generously to every seeker.

I began to read the Bible long before I could understand it. Now, it seems strange to me that there was a time when my spirit was deaf to its harmonies, but I remember well a rainy Sunday morning in my Alabama home, when, having nothing else to do, I begged my cousin to read me a story out of the Bible. Although she did not think I would understand, she began to spell into my hand the story of Joseph and his brothers. Somehow, it failed to interest me. The unusual language and the repetitions made the story seem unreal and far away in the Land of Canaan, and I fell asleep and wandered off to the Land of Nod long before the brothers came with the coat of many colors into the tent of Jacob and told their wicked lie.

But how shall I speak of the glories I have since discovered in the Bible? For years, I have read it with an ever-broadening sense of joy and inspiration, and I love it as I love no other book. For pure beauty of narrative style, surely the Bible has never been excelled. The book of Ruth, for instance, has been called by experts one of the most perfect short stories of literature. I do not know much of the technique of the short story, but I do know that Ruth, as she stands with the reapers amid the waving corn is a bright and appealing figure, winning instantly our sympathy and love. Her beautiful, unselfish spirit shines out like a bright star in the night of a cold and cruel age. Love like that of Ruth, love which can rise above conflicting creeds and deep-seated racial prejudices, is a glowing splendor amid darkness, a radiant star to guide men to mutual understanding and brotherhood.

Thus, it matters not whether it be in the old or new Testament, I always find in the Bible something which gives me a deep, comforting sense that "things seen are temporal, and things unseen are eternal." And so, although the splendor of illuminated pages and gilt clasps and bronze calf binding make the Gutenberg Bible perhaps the most high priced book in the world, every true Bible lover knows that the plain text, unillumined save by the light of its own inspiration, holds within itself a treasure of the greatest price.—*Helen Keller.*

OUR COUNTRY SEA

The sea is ever so far away—
  Quite eighteen miles, or twenty,
But we have one of our very own,
  With waves and spray in plenty.

Our sea is green as a sea can be,
  Where two big meadows meet,
And the foam that comes when the waves roll in
  Is the tops of the meadow-sweet.

The sand is the earth, all soft and damp,
  And all our splashing and spraying
Are butterflies that come drifting round
  To share in the game we're playing.

The sea is lovely on holidays,
  And it's fine to go wading in it—
But aren't we lucky to have a sea
  That's useful just any minute!

—*Nina K. Brisley, in Christian Science Monitor.*

"Father, who is that gentleman?" he asked.

"That, my son, is the chaplain," replied his father.

"Does he pray for the Senators?" asked the boy.

"No, my son; he looks around and sees the Senators sitting there and then he prays for the country."

Young Dick: "Auntie, they made me draft clerk at the bank today."

Auntie: "Oh, that's nice—what do you do? Open and shut the door?"

WITH OUR HOME MAKERS

Favorite Receipts

Viennese Carrots.—Wash, scrape or peel 2 bunches of carrots, cut in cubes, cook in salted water until tender. Blend 1 tablespoon of flour with 1 tablespoon of butter over the fire, stir in 1 cup of liquid from the carrots. Cook a few minutes, then add 1 tablespoon of sugar, 1 tablespoon of vinegar, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 cups of cooked peas. Add the carrots, let simmer a few minutes. Serve hot.

Good way to utilize carrot stock and retain all mineral.—Lasell.

* * *

Cream of Carrot Soup.—Wash, scrape and cut into slices 3 cups of carrots. Boil these in a quart of water, slightly salted, till soft enough to rub through a sieve with a potato masher. Mix together in a saucepan 2 tablespoons of flour and 1 tablespoon of butter, stirring with a wooden spoon until they begin to bubble. Gradually stir into this a pint of milk and carrot pulp and liquid. Add hot water enough to make 1 quart of soup. Put the hard cooked yolk of 1 egg and a tablespoon of chopped parsley together in the tureen, turn in the hot soup, stir gently and serve at once.

* * *

Substitute for Potatoes.—Try this way of using rice in place of potatoes now they are so high. Put on stove to cook all at the same time. In double boiler put ½ cup of rice with ½ teaspoon salt and 3 cups of boiling water. Let cook till dry and flaky; in a saucepan put ½ can of tomatoes with pepper and salt to taste; let cook same length of time as rice.

In frying pan have 1 pound of hamburg steak cook slowly in a little fat. After all is cooked I put a layer of rice and half of the tomato sauce, then steak, rice and last, tomato sauce.

Add a dash of pepper, a little salt, and a teaspoon of butter and bake a half hour; makes a delicious supper dish.

* * *

Baked Rice Pudding.—Boil 1 cup of rice in salted water until tender, drain and put in baking dish. Add ¼ teaspoon of cinnamon to ½ cup of sugar; stir these into 1 well beaten egg, add ½ cup of seedless raisins and 1 pint of milk. Pour over the rice and bake about 1 hour. When done it should have a rich brown crust of milk and egg. Can be eaten hot or cold, but I think it is most tasty when cold.

* * *

Butter Scotch Pudding.—Two cups milk, 1½ cups sugar, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 egg yolks. Heat milk in double boiler. When thick, stir in 10 or 12 dates (or as many a you like); cut fine a small handful of nutmeat Use whites of eggs for meringue. It is best t put nuts and dates in after you have taken i from the stove.

* * *

Handy Hints

Worth a Lot—Costs Little.—One 10 cent bo of baking soda with plenty of warm water wi clean all the paint in a large kitchen like magi Get a pail of water and a cotton flannel cloth Wet ready for washing walls and put on bakin soda like a powder. Washes easy and looks lik new paint when dry.

* * *

To Keep Iron Sink from Rusting.—Wash wit hot soap suds and rinse and wipe dry every tim sink is used, and twice a month rub well wit fine machine oil and a clean cloth. A sink care for in this way will shine and be as smooth as piece of glass.

* * *

For the Canary.—An occasional feed of hard boiled eggs mashed fine and mixed with cracke crumbs is good for canary birds. Feed a coupl of thimblefuls at a time.

* * *

To Remove Black Marks from the Ceiling, fre quently due to a gas jet or smoky lamp, mix fairly thick paste of starch and water, and with clean flannel cloth spread it over the entire mark Allow it to stay on until thoroughly dry, the brush off lightly with a soft brush and the mark will disappear like magic.

* * *

Good Fertilizer for Plants.—Cold tea, or am monia water that has been used for washing, i an excellent fertilizer for plants. Or, add a tea spoon of ammonia to two quarts of lukewarm water and use this to water plants every tw weeks. Grapevines and rose bushes thrive we if greasy dishwater is poured at the roots daily.

MARKING A TRAIL WITH SILVER

Ezra Meeker is ninety-six years old. He i the only living man among all that great army o pioneers who blazed the "Oregon trail," besid which rest the 20,000 dead who lie buried in un known graves along 2000 miles of that grea highway. "Uncle Ezra" is the president of a association which has been formed for the pur pose of commemorating the sacrifices of the pio neers who did so much toward adding new state to the Union. This will be done, if the plans ar carried out, through the erection of such com memorative monuments as will mark the tra for all time.

It is not proposed to ask Congress for the usual appropriation. On the contrary, the Treasury will be the beneficiary through aiding the plan to rescue the important points along the trail from oblivion.

A bill has passed the House authorizing the coinage of 6,000,000 half dollars, of standard weight and fineness, of a special design, the dies of which are to be made without cost to the Government. These coins will be issued at par, and as the cost of silver contained in a half dollar is only twenty-six cents, the Government will profit to the extent of twenty-four cents on each of the coins issued, or to the amount of $1,440,000, if the entire number authorized by the bill is taken from the mint. It is the purpose of the memorial association to sell these coins at a profit, probably at double the face value, and to use the funds thus acquired in establishing suitable "markers" along the historical "Oregon Trail."

The trail passes through seven states, having fourteen members in the United States Senate. They ought to be able to get the Senate to indorse the House bill and thereby aid a worthy cause, and at the same time assist in adding more than a million dollars to the seigniorage profits of the mint.—*Washington Post.*

The Cranberry of Cape Cod

Efficiency has so far come upon the cranberry of Cape Cod that the cannery is now close to the bogs, and an empty can, arriving on one car, leaves it and is filled with cranberry sauce and is on another car ready for shipment, all in 21 minutes. There is not much that is suggestive of the Cape Cod of Joe Lincoln, and still less of the Vinland which the Vikings found when they came to the cape long ago.

But the cranberry has been there all the time, accommodating itself to changed conditions. It is Cape tradition that the first white men to taste the cranberry were Leif Ericson and his Norsemen, about 1000 A. D. And the same tradition makes Vinland, not Vineland, but Virland, having a reference to the cranberry and not to the grape. The Cape Cod belief is that Leif's booths where the adventurers spent a winter, were on Buzzard's Bay.

Bjarni Herjulfsen sighted the cape in 986; but he did not land. So the discovery of the cranberry belongs to Leif, who probably did not look upon it as the chief of his discoveries. He was a rough customer after game. His parentage gives him an illuminating background. His father, Eric the Red, was one who killed when he felt it necessary. One killing caused him to flee from Norway to Iceland, and another to Greenland, which he engaged in colonizing and where his people lived for several hundred years until obliterated by the black death.

Leif was born to adventure, and he discovered the cranberry, which now provides New England with one of its most distinctive industries. In that is not necessarily an anti-climax. Many a feat which finds a place in the histories is the source of much less that is helpful to mankind. Leif was a benefactor.—*Syracuse Post Standard.*

WHERE'S MOTHER?

Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say,
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by:
"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again;
From the boy with sparkling eyes,
Bearing home his earliest prize;
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Perils past and honors won:
"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace;
Let us love her while we may,
Well for us that we can say:
"Where's mother?"

Mother with untiring hands
At the post of duty stands;
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone
Of her children as they cry,
Ever as the days go by:
"Where's mother?"

—*Author unknown.*

A farmer who was on his way home from market had the feeling that he had forgotten something; but what it was he could not figure out.

As he neared home this conviction increased to such a degree that he stopped his horses two or three times, scratched his head in perplexity and tried hard to recall what he had forgotten, but in vain.

At last he reached home and was met by his daughter who looked at him in surprise and cried: "Why, father, *what* have you done with mother?"

The Fiddle-Maker

He carted ancient beams a mile or more
From tumbled homes back on abandoned ways;
To such old wood he gave his earnest praise—
"Been dryin' long—jest what I hanker for."
Then in his work-shop, through its sagging door,
The village saw him toil, like one whose days
Are brimmed with peace, to whom the fevered frays
Of men are vain as tides upon the shore.

Perhaps the memories the old wood knew
Lived in the grain—no matter, when he set
His chin against the fiddle's rim, you heard
Gay dancing feet long hushed, the last adieu
By vanished gates, old laughter, old regret,
And lips of dust that spoke love's deathless word.

—Arthur Wallace Peach, *in Boston Transcript.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MRS. WIGGS

"I've made it a practice to put all my worr
down in the bottom of my heart, then set on t
lid and smile."

"You never kin tell which way any pleasu
is a-comin'. Whoever would 'a' thought wh
we aimed at the cemetery that we'd land up
a first-class fire."

"I b'lieve in havin' a good time when y
start out to have it. If you git knocked out
one plan, you want to git yourself another rig
quick, before yer sperrits has a chance to fall."

"The way to git cheerful is to smile when y
feel bad, to think about somebody else's hea
ache when your own is 'most bustin', to keep
believin' the sun is a-shinin' when the clouds
thick enough to cut."

"Don't you go an' git sorry fer yerself. That
one thing I can't stand in nobody. There
always lots of other folks you kin be sorry f
'stid of yerself."—*From the Story of Lovey Mar*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of lette
and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of corr
spondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermo
or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present on
such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerf
Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payab
to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Wa
Quincy, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also letters offering to give books and magazine
should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

4. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimb
Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by st
dents either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where he
is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stev e
26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location a
care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and fifty-nine librari
are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mas
should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from othe
interested in the organization and its methods.

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